

FORREST ON THE WAR PATH.

How His Men Trapped a Border Spy.

From the Nashville American.

The landmarks of the old South are fast crumbling away, and it is only a question of a very few years till the men and women who can look back upon the late unpleasantness and say "We remember the smoke of battle, we have heard the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon," will have passed over the river into the great beyond.

The story of the struggle between brother and brother is surrounded by a sacred halo. The fierceness and the savagery of it all is dead, and in its place has sprung up a beautiful legend of life, a story that can be told in the nursery to the infant on its mother's knee, or can be clothed with the beauties of a language and descend to history as the amplification of a novel of purity and truth, whose influence will serve to ennoble posterity.

Even now it is a treat to hear one of those who belonged to the old school tell of the trials and incidents of that day. Yesterday a veteran who had worn the gray with honor in the civil struggle of the '60s, whose face was scarred and seamed with the memories of past experiences, and whose hair was white with the frost of time, was sitting in one of the public offices of the city, and when an American reporter entered he was in the midst of one of these tales of other days which are well worth retelling. It is a story of real life, and the once dark hair of the heroine, which was her glory and pride, is streaked with threads of silver. She is now the mother of a family, the wife of a prominent statesman of North Mississippi, and her home itself is a beautiful relic of the old South.

During the early part of the fall of 1864 Forrest's cavalry was encamped at Verona, Miss., one of the few supply depots on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and particularly important on that account. Sixty miles from Verona is Hienzi, a little suburban town, which had fallen into the hands of the Federal troops, and from this place little bands of the bluecoats were making rapid devastation of the surrounding territory. Forrest was thwarted in every attempt to put a stop to the depredations, and he was convinced that his misfortunes were due to some spy who kept the enemy constantly informed of his movements. His suspicions were fastened on one of those Federal sympathizers, so rare in the South, and yet so dangerous and ruinous to every venture of the rebels. The man's name was Jenkins, and Forrest decided to take immediate action.

The country people at that time were, of course, drawn together by a common bond of sympathy and suffering. Every house was open to the inmates of every other, and Jenkins, though suspected by his neighbors, had his entrance to every abode for miles around. More than that, his knowledge of the country was unlimited, and he was indispensable to the Northerners and secretly drew a very handsome revenue from the government treasury.

Within half a mile of Jenkins' house lived a young woman who was the daughter of a Confederate general, a woman who would have been willing to die for the cause at any time. She combined the tender, lovable nature of her mother with the courage and will of her father, and more than once General Forrest had sought information from her and had used it to advantage. He resolved to ask her aid in capturing Jenkins, and her part in the plan was to learn of Jenkins' whereabouts and communicate by courier with a point two miles distant, where a signal service began, which extended the entire sixty miles to the camp of General Forrest himself. By this means a message could be delivered in half an hour, and every man knew his duty.

One afternoon, a few days after she had been commissioned a spy, Jenkins stopped at her home for a drink of water. The young girl waited on him herself, invited him into her parlors, concentrated all her strategem and beauty and smiles on his entertainment, and when he took his departure she had his secret.

"Will be at home Thursday night," was the message that went down the line, and scarcely had it been received Wednesday morning when an order was issued for ten of the most trusty men in camp, mounted on the surest and fleetest horses, to report to General Forrest at once.

Among the number was a young lieutenant, scarcely more than a boy himself, who was known by the soldiers for his cool daring in times of danger, and it was this man whom General Forrest summoned before him.

"Bedford," he said, "you have a detail and these men will follow you anywhere. You will take supper to-night within three miles of the enemy's camp at Hienzi. Watch your front and allow nothing to prevent you from reaching your destination, avoiding all engagements on your journey. Pay no attention to anything behind you. I have that all arranged. To-night I trust to your own judgment. Forward!"

Lieutenant Bedford's orders were to report at the house of our fair young spy for orders.

As the detail rode away one of the soldiers shouted out: "Boys, make your wills and leave your saddle blankets to your sweethearts." Another muttered under his breath: "That dave-devil Bedford would charge hell itself if old Forrest ordered!"

The ride was a long and tedious one, but at 8 o'clock a halt was called and the destination had been reached. Lieutenant Bedford repaired to the young lady's home, as directed, and he afterwards said he "had the devil of a time to make that little woman believe he was who he was." For his uniform consisted of an old pair of blue pants and a Union coat, and he was a very suspicious looking object even to himself.

The girl informed him of the location of Jenkins' house, however, and he was instructed by her as to the best approaches, for it must be remembered the Federal camp was not a quarter of a mile distant. Then, after an hour's rest, the horses were left in charge of one of the men with instructions to fire his gun in case he was attacked, and the rest started on the perilous expedition, each taking a circuitous route. Each man was accurately instructed by Lieutenant Bedford, the house was described in detail, and a certain position at the different doors and windows was assigned to each man. It was understood that Jenkins was not to escape, and he must be taken before General Forrest, dead or alive.

Then, turning to the largest man in the detail, Bedford said: "You will go with me, break down the door while I stand ready to enter, and we'll get Jenkins or have a merry time trying." Then to the others: "Boys, cool heads! Go where I have ordered—forward!"

Then, with the lights of the enemy's camp flickering in the distance, these men set out to do or die. From the windows of a Southern home far in the rear the bright gleam of a lamp was just visible to the eye, and the soldiers knew that a woman's prayers were with them. One by one they arrived at the home of Jenkins, took their stations, cocked their carbines, and when all were in waiting the word was passed to Bedford in a whisper: "All is ready."

The door was broken in with a crash, and in an instant Bedford was on top of the bed in which Jenkins was supposed to be. His man struck a match, and imagine the chagrin of the young lieutenant when he found in his merciless grip the throat of a woman, her hair disheveled, her face blue with fear and the tears brimming from her eyes. It was Jenkins' wife. Her husband had heard the slight noise on the outside and had attempted to escape through a rear window, but was held by the man stationed there.

Not a word was spoken above a whisper, not a gun was fired, and with the prisoner well bound and guarded the detail made their escape, but not without apologizing profusely to Mrs. Jenkins for the rough handling she had received at the hands of the lieutenant.

"It was one of the most daring deeds of the war," said the old veteran, "and we stayed about that place long enough to convince Miss— that he was no bluejacket, and if you ever go down in that part of the country now, maybe you will stumble on a little family of Bedfords, and if you have the good luck, as I have, to enjoy a taste of good old Mississippi hospitality in that home, maybe Bedford will tell you how he came to marry a spy."

"And what became of Jenkins?" the reporter inquired.

"Oh, he went where all good men of his kind went in those days—up a limb."

Letting Him Down.

"I am a self-made man!" grandiloquently announced the pompous person, suiting his swelling chest impressively. "All that I am I owe to myself and my unaided efforts." And so on, to considerable length.

"Pardon me!" ventured the modest man; "but what is your weight?"

"Two hundred and ten pounds, sir," was the reply. "All solid, self-made man!"

"Ah! yes; exactly! Do you know, by the way, that the estimated weight of the earth is about 6,042,856,000,000 tons?"

"I have heard so; but what has that to do with me?"

"Why, excuse me! But don't you see how impossible it is that the earth should tip every time you take a step?" —Puck.

— Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

NEVER VISITED BY WHITE MEN

Vast Tracts of Land Awaiting Courageous Explorers.

The story of Dr. Sven Hedin's travels in unknown lands, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, doubtless astonished a great many people, who imagined that practically all of the earth's surface is now known to civilization. There was something strange about the narrative. To speak of four years' travels in unknown lands in the heart of Asia seemed like a fairy story. But it is nothing of the kind. Dr. Hedin's story is altogether probable, and the field is still large in Asia, and will be for many years to come.

Few people realize how much undiscovered country there is still on the globe. In spite of the efforts of Livingstone, Stanley, Baker, Vamberg, Andree and all the others the opportunity for exploration is still extensive. It would not be extravagant to say that at least 20,000,000 square miles of unknown lands yet remain to be mapped and described by the inquisitive traveller. Though exploration is steadily in progress in all quarters of the globe there is still a big field left, and many a dreaming school-boy of the present day will yet achieve fame among the world's map-makers.

The traveller in Asia has yet to map nearly 200,000 square miles of that continent. In central parts we know nothing of cities, towns and races beyond the extravagant yarns of native pilgrims. There may be peoples in these interior countries unheard of by civilization, as there are certainly geographical peculiarities of which we know nothing.

The same may be said, and with considerably more emphasis, of Africa, North and South America, Australia and the Pacific Islands. Millions of square miles remain to be uncovered in Africa, America and Australia, and not a year goes by but what some hitherto unknown island of the Pacific is added to the list, and many more remain.

Many a tourist in Europe this last season has heard for the first time, as he sailed past Gibraltar, that beyond the range of mountains that extend along the coast of Morocco there is a land that has never been trodden by an explorer. The information seems all the more strange when it is realized that the most civilized peoples of the world have been sailing along this same rock-bound coast ever since the days of the Phoenicians. Just think of it! Less than a score of miles from a pathway of civilization several thousand years old, and yet unknown. It may be all the more surprising to know that it is not ten years since a big lake was discovered in the heart of the Pyrenees, the mountain chain dividing Spain from France, and in the heart of Europe, one might say.

What do we know of Africa? Nothing but in a general way. The explorers have not gone far away from the river courses. We can follow fairly well on the map now the course of the Congo, the Zambesi, and locate approximately the long, mysterious course of the Nile. But the geographers have little or nothing with which to fill up the white spaces in Central Africa. Some travellers are gradually breaking their way into the interior country, and the next few years will yield many valuable and interesting discoveries; but the field is still large for those with the ambition to travel in unknown countries.

The most important work of the future African explorer will be to study the various races and map out the hydrographic features. There are dozens of native tribes presenting characteristics interesting to the ethnologists. We need more information than we have of the tree dwellers of Shari, the dwarf tribes of the Congo, the Baluba, and the remarkable Babilange, who are already on the high road to civilization.

Examine the latest maps of Western and Central Africa and you will see great districts without a mark or sign of the geographers. The great rivers seem without any tributary streams. This is in no sense a peculiarity. The tributaries are there. Their absence from the maps is the most effective presentation of the fact that they are not yet mapped out or explored. There is a whole world of unexplored country to the north, south, east and west of the wonderful Congo.

It is merely a theory that these districts are the richest in the world for the farmer and the scientist. It is certain that gold, silver and precious gems are plentiful. That the climate is fitted to the production of the temperate zone fruits and plants is yet to be decided. There is work for the husbandman, the mineralogist, the anthropologist, and the archaeologist as well as to the topographer. At least 5,000,000 square miles of unknown country, an area larger by one-half than the total area of the United States, is awaiting the scientist's visit to Africa.

Strange tales come to us at intervals of a race of white people living in the far interior. No civilized man has ever reached their country, which is said to be on the skirts of a desert

extremely dangerous to cross. Efforts made from time to time to reach these people have been repulsed by the fierce tribe surrounding them. A Mohammedan priest, named Al Hadji, saw one of the tribe some years since while on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Al Hadji described the man as being as white as any European he had ever met, with light hair and blue eyes. Who will find these people?

Australia is another great field for the explorer. Developments as strange and important as those attending the efforts of the African explorers may await the traveller in the continent of the Pacific. More than 2,000,000 square miles of unmapped and unknown country awaits the venturesome individual who shall endeavor to penetrate its wilderness.

South America is also entitled to consideration. There are parts of it that are less known than any other in the world, not even excepting Africa and Australia. For some reason travellers have neglected the Southern Hemisphere. It is thought the unhealthy climates of the southern zone are responsible, but this scarcely explains the lack of knowledge concerning the districts in the higher altitudes.

The results of Dr. von Steinen's trips up the Ningru tributary to the Amazon, the discoveries of new tribes and curious remains of earlier occupation were sufficient to stimulate further energy in this direction. Not the least interesting would be particulars concerning the tribes of negroes, descendants of the Spanish slaves who escaped to the wilderness to found tribes more barbarous than those from which they were taken in Africa.

The headwaters of the Amazon, the interior of Brazil and Ecuador, and even the Orinoco, are awaiting investigation. Results extremely important to mankind may be achieved from the exploration of these districts. It has only been a few years since we learned that Western Patagonia offers great opportunities to the cattle raiser, and that even cold, bleak Terra del Fuego, the "Land of Fire," is also adapted to sheep farming and other kinds of stock raising.

Even the sea is not without its opportunities. It is believed that many islands of the Pacific and lower Atlantic have never been visited by white men. This statement seems hard to believe, but there are many evidences of its truth. Within the last few years a group of islands hitherto unknown have been placed on the map to the northward of New Guinea. Two islands have also been added to those comprising the Bismarck Archipelago, and dozens of others in isolated positions are the revelations of recent days. Geographers estimate that at least 500,000 square miles of island territory remain to be explored, and when the matter is given thought the theory seems possible enough.

Take the interesting island of New Guinea as an example. Half as large as Alaska, and with a climate more conducive to successful exploration, it is still but little known, excepting along the principal water courses. New Guinea would be a veritable paradise for the explorer with a fondness for natural history. Its flora is among the most wonderfully diversified in the world, and it is as richly endowed with peculiar forms of animal, insect and bird life. The obstacle which has stood in the way of exploration in New Guinea has been its savage inhabitants. Though there are some peaceful tribes, many are still cannibals, who fiercely resent the encroachment of the stranger.

British America and Alaska are both largely untapped. Any recent chart of either territory will present large spaces which, if not marked "unexplored," show by the absence of natural features that they are unknown to the map-makers. In addition there still remain the great Arctic and Antarctic fields. They are mentioned last because the fact of these icy regions of the North and South Pole being unknown is patent to the schoolboy with his first geography. The advances of science in recent years make it possible that some of us may yet be pretty well informed regarding the physical peculiarities of these districts. Nevertheless, the obstacles are so great—they have defeated the most determined efforts for centuries—that there is no certainty of when or how the secrets of the polar regions may become known.

The individual with a taste for exploration may, indeed, find opportunity for the display of his talents not far from home. There are a number of districts in the Northwest and Southwest that are still unknown to the geographer. In Washington State is a district estimated to be 2,000 miles square that, so far as is known, has never been visited by the foot of a white man. There are others of equal magnitude, and right within the boundaries of the United States.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Remedy.

These Hugging Parties.

A Charleston paper, several years ago, published the following: "An exchange says that hugging parties for the benefit of Churches are a recent importation into the South, but they are becoming very popular in some sections, especially in Virginia. The prices are as follows: For girls under 15, 35 cents for a hug of 2 minutes; from 15 to 20 years of age, from 35 to 75; another man's wife, 1; widows, according to looks, from 10 cents to \$2; old maids, 2 cents apiece, or two for a nickel, and no limit of time."

To which a lady very properly objected and replied as follows:

In your last issue there appeared a paragraph entitled "A Hugging Match," which was intended to be funny, but which proved to be mean. It embodied the old fossilized slur on old maids, and avowed that in the hugging matches now in vogue in divers places, while young girls and widows were hugged at a dollar or two each, and a very few seconds allowed at that for the thrilling performance, old maids were hugged at 2 cents each or two for a nickel, with no limit as to time. I'll vouch that the author of that paragraph is a bachelor who keeps his blacking brush on the mantle-piece, and his clean shirts in the coal box, and who is a good enough judge of whisky to pull the stopper out of a bottle of corn whisky and smell the negro that heod the corn. And if the truth were only known, he has been rejected by a dozen girls, perhaps some old maids, any one of whom would have to have supported him had she been fool enough to have had him, and all of whom render thanks night and morning now that they had sense enough to kick him. I am an old maid, and I am happy. I don't know how it feels to uncork a bottle of paregoric at 2 a. m. to quiet a squall that was caused by a colic instead of a cloud; and I am ignorant of the process of pulling off a pair of muddy boots at midnight and swathing with wet towels the burning, aching forehead of a "lord of creation," who promised with a lie upon his lips at the holy altar, to love, honor and protect me as long as he lived. I repeat it I don't know anything about these delights of matrimony. I suppose I ought to be pitied. But I had rather be laughed at because I am not married, than not to be able to laugh because I am married. If you will excuse me for being confidential, I'll say in closing, that during a career of 30 years I've only been hugged one time. On that occasion, strange to say, I got three cents. I didn't want any more. The three cents I got were scents of disgusting hair oil, rum and tobacco.

— Father— "Come, young man, get your coat off and come with me!" Tommy— "You're not going to lick me, are you dad?" "Certainly. Did not I tell you this morning that I would settle with you for your bad behavior?" "Yes, but I thought it was only a joke, like when you told the grocer you were going to settle with him."

How to be Beautiful.

To be beautiful, you must have pure blood and good health. To do so, purify the blood and build up the health with the best Tonic and Blood Purifier of the age, Botanic Blood Balm. (B. B. B.). It is the old standard and reliable remedy. It never fails to cure all manner of Blood and Skin diseases, where eminent physicians, and all other known remedies have failed. Send stamps for book of particulars, to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Price \$1.00 per large bottle.

POSITIVE PROOF.

A lady friend of mine has for several years been troubled with bumps and pimples on her face and neck, for which she used various cosmetics in order to remove them and beautify and improve her complexion; but these local applications were only temporary, and left her skin in worse condition.

I recommended an internal preparation—known as Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.), which I have been using and selling about two years; she used three bottles and all pimples have disappeared; her skin is soft and smooth, and her general health much improved. She expresses herself much gratified. Mrs. S. M. WILSON, Iron Mountain, Texas.

For sale by Druggist.

TO THE LADIES! IF YOU WANT THE MOST Reliable Fancy Groceries, FROM the best equipped Store in the City, it will be to your personal interest to purchase from us. To please and accommodate is our constant aim.

What we have to offer is Mr. A. or Mr. B. Just because they are nice fellows, or that you have been trading with them so long "That's before the war" sentiment. That won't do. Sentiment in business has played out long ago, and it is now a matter of dollars and cents.

If you will only take the trouble to come in to see us we will make prices that will please you, and will sell you Goods that will enable you to enjoy the best.

Here is a sample of some of the Bargains which you can pick up in our Establishment:

4 lbs. good Carolina Rice for 25c.
4 lb. best Oatmeal Crackers for 25c.
3 lb. new packed Tomatoes for 25c.
30 a new Sweet Corn for 25c.
1 package Arbuckle's Coffee for 11c.
1 package Rolled Oats for 9c.
1 package Corn Starch for 9c.
1 package Crystal Gelatine for 5c.
1 can Vienna Sausage for 12c.

These prices are but a few of the unmatchable values in food products of time-tried excellence and rich flavor.

There is merit in these Goods—a reputation behind these famous "Packets" brands that the prices we have placed on them be little, but the benefit is yours.

If you are in a hurry and want your Groceries quickly to come to us. Our services are at your disposal.

Yours for more Business
On a Cash Basis.....

AUSTIN & CO.,
Economic Grocery.

— New Boarder— "Do you enjoy Christmas, ma'am?" Landlady— "Very much, indeed. All my boarders get invited out to dine, you know."

Many men fool with sickness just as a boy does with a trap. A man doesn't like to own up that he is ill. He says "O, it amounts to nothing. I shall be all right to-morrow." But he isn't all right to-morrow, nor the next day. Pretty soon the trap snaps at him, and he has some serious disease fastened on him.

The only sensible course is to keep away from the trap, and not allow sickness to get any hold on you. It is a frightful mistake to trifle with indigestion and bilious troubles in the belief that they will cure themselves. On the contrary they drag the whole system down with them.

When the appetite and digestion are irregular it shows that the machinery of the body is out of order and is not doing its proper work; the blood-circulation is poorly supplied and is being gradually debased by bilious poisons.

The proper attention for this condition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the digestive functions and the liver; and enables the blood-making glands to supply an abundance of pure blood, rich with the nutritious vital elements which build up healthy flesh and enduring strength.

A full, invigorated and run-down condition of the "Discovery" is far better than malt "extracts" or nauseating "enulsioms." It creates genuine permanent strength. It does not merely build up but solid muscle. It is a perfect tonic for corpulent people.

A full account of its properties and marvelous effects in many so-called "hopeless" cases, verified by the patients' own signatures, is given in one chapter of Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. "This splendid volume will be sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay mailing cost only. Address, Dr. R. W. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. For a cloth-bound copy send 31 stamps."

"Having suffered for several years with indigestion," writes Samuel Walker, Esq., of Burke, N. Y., "I purchased and used your valuable 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After taking five bottles I was entirely cured. I also suffered from biliousness, which was also cured by the 'Discovery.' I feel like a new man."

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WE sell PIANOS and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS to the best trade in this and adjoining Counties. Why not allow me to sell you a reliable Piano or Organ? We guarantee every instrument that goes out of our Waterworks, and have a large assortment to select from. Have just received a new style of—

Ivers & Pond Pianos

— AND —

Farrand & Votey Organs,

And we are getting in several other makes of big and small instruments. Also, a large line of Guitars, Banjos, Violins, Autoharps, Etc., at lowest possible figures.

HEADQUARTERS for the Celebrated New Home, Ideal and several other leading—

Sewing Machines.

Call and see us, or write for catalogue and prices. Respectfully,

The C. A. Reed Music House.

TAKE NOTICE.

We hereby notify all parties who owe Bleckley & Fretwell past due papers that owing to the death of our senior, Sylvester Bleckley, that the same must be paid at an early day, not later than Nov. 1st next, as a settlement must be made with the heirs at law. Your prompt attention to this notice and a compliance with same will be duly appreciated.

Yours very truly,

JOS. J. FRETWELL,

Survivor Bleckley & Fretwell.

Sept 15, 1897.

NOTICE.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE.

ANDERSON, S. C.

THIS office will be open to receive Returns of REAL and PERSONAL property for taxation for the next fiscal year from the first of January, 1898, to the 30th February following, inclusive.

It is important that all land-owners, Lots and Buildings be enumerated correctly; for, unless there is some change in the law, this assessment of Realty will stand for the next four years. Consult your deeds and give the number of acres exactly.

Under the new assessing laws the Township Assessors are required to make Returns for all Taxpayers that fail to return to the Auditor within the time prescribed by law, so that there is a large chance for delinquents to escape the penalty.

For the convenience of Taxpayers we will also have Deputies to face Returns at the following times and places:

Holland's, Monday, January 10, 1898.
Starr, Tuesday, January 11.
Cook's, Wednesday January 12.
Monley, Thursday, January 13.
Moffatt's, Friday, January 14.
Storeville, Monday, January 17.
Clintonsville, Mill, Tuesday, January 18.
Piedmont, Wednesday, January 19.
Bishop's Branch, Saturday, Jan. 22.
Autin, Friday, January 21.
Wyatt's Store, Monday, January 24.
Cedar Wreath, Tuesday, January 25.
River Fork, Wednesday, Jan. 26.
Widginton's Store, Wednesday, Jan. 26.
Equality, Thursday, January 27.
Piedmont, Friday, January 28.
Townsville, Friday, January 28.
Hamden, Saturday, January 30.

Honea Path Wednesday and Thursday, January 12 and 13.

Belton, Friday and Saturday, January 14 and 15.

Piedmont, Monday and Tuesday, January 17 and 18.

Poizer, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, January 19, 20 and 21.

Williamston, Monday and Tuesday, January 24 and 25.

G. N. C. BOLEMAN,

Auditor Anderson County.

Dec 8, 1897.

Cotton,

like every other crop, needs nourishment.

A fertilizer containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and not less than 3% of actual

Potash,

will increase the crop and improve the land.

Our books tell all about the subject. They are free to any farmer.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
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Is not the hand-maid of prosperity—

That's more the reason you should wear the best make of Shoes. Our line is built for service. Sold by Cash-buying merchants. Ask for the Red Seal.

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Atlanta, Ga.

Drs. Strickland & King,

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OFFICE IN MASONIC TEMPLE.

Gas and Cocaine used for Extract-
ing Teeth.

NOTICE.

All parties owing me notes and accounts are requested and urged to pay same as soon as possible. I need my money and will be compelled to make collections early in the season. Save the trouble and expense of sending to see you.

J. S. FOWLER.

Sept. 29, 1897.

HONEA PATH

HIGH SCHOOL.

HAS closed a most satisfactory year's work to both patrons and teachers. The outlook for the next Session promises even better results. How to secure the best School is the constant study of the teachers. Excellent library, modern apparatus, five methods, and trained teaching. Next Session opens Monday, Sept. 6th, 1897. Board in best families at very low rates. For further information write to—

J. C. HARPER, Principal,
Honea Path, S. C.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

All persons having claims against the Estate of J. E. Griffin, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, properly proven, to the undersigned within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

W. C. LEE, Adm'r.

Dec 22 1897.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

The undersigned, Administratrix of the